

THE CRANE CLASSICS

Shakspeare



The
MERCHANT OF VENICE



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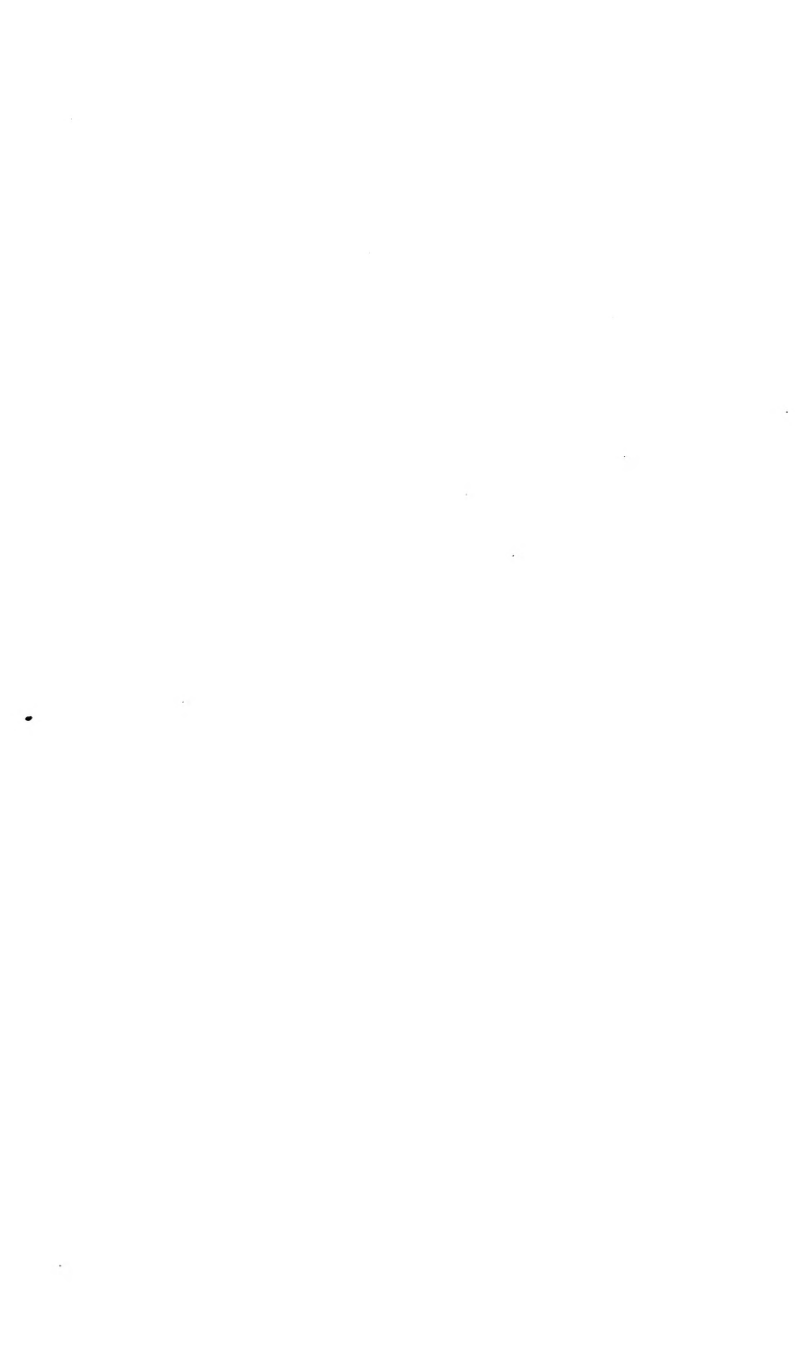


THE CRANE CLASSICS

NOTES BY

MARGARET HILL McCARTER

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE



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SHAKESPEARE'S

The Merchant of Venice

WITH NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

I. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

William Shakespeare: Born April 23, 1564; Died April 23, 1616.

“Men without some great motive lying at the basis of their action, and giving color to their endeavor, can have no interest for us.”

It was more than three hundred years ago, down in the quiet town of Stratford, England, that William Shakespeare first opened his baby eyes to the light of an April day. Fifty-two years later, on the anniversary of that same April day, they were closed, for him to be opened on earth no more forever.

His life ran parallel with the latter half of the sixteenth century, whose events helped to shape his career, and upon whose history, as well as upon all subsequent history, he exerted a wide and ever-increasing influence. It was the era of “Good Queen Bess,” the last and most powerful of the powerful house of Tudor. Within its limits, briefly told, Protestantism, whose great attributes are freedom of thought and freedom of conscience, became liberated to the English people. The supremacy of the English sovereign over papal dictation was established. The force and fear of Spain as a naval enemy was destroyed. It was a time of daring adventure, of exploration, and of civil progress; and above all, it was a golden age of literature. Through such an era as this, William Shakespeare lived his half-century of life.

His parents, John and Mary Arden Shakespeare, were of families something above the yeomanry, and were, for a

part of their lives, possessed of comfortable means. In the education of their eldest son, William, various elements combined. The free grammar school of Stratford furnished him with classical learning. The influence of the Protestant Church into which he was baptized had its bearing upon his intellectual development. The many old English chronicles and legends that formed a large part of the reading of that day supplied him with the material out of which in later years he wove his most powerful and charming dramas.

Lastly, the character of the country in which Shakespeare passed the first twenty years of his life, and to which he returned to spend his sunset days, after wealth and reputation were his in large possession, the quiet charm of his surroundings, must have shaped his mental unfolding and helped to put into his writings that element of beauty with which they are illuminated. For in the Warwickshire landscape up and down the winding Avon there is a serenity and harmony and rich coloring, overhung with a soft, dreamy atmosphere, that all in all appeals to the heart of the poet. Something of its rare loveliness must have become a part of Shakespeare's being, and so controlled the shaping of his thought to the exquisite beauty of its expression.

At the age of eighteen Shakespeare was married to Anne Hathaway, a woman several years older than himself. To them were born three children,—Suzanna, Hamnet, and Judith.

At the age of twenty-two, Shakespeare left Warwickshire for London. Here for some twenty years as play-

actor, and especially as play-writer, his success grew steadily. His family meanwhile made their home in Stratford, and thither, once a year, he returned to visit them. In fact, he seems always to have regarded Stratford and not London as his home. Six or eight years before his death he retired from the stage, rich and renowned, to spend the remainder of his life in Warwickshire. Here, surrounded by his family, his day's work done, he lived in serene enjoyment until, on the 23d day of April, 1616, the opening day of his fifty-third year, he passed out of this life, henceforth to "belong to the ages." Two days later the Holy Trinity Church of Stratford received his mortal remains, where undisturbed they lie to-day, making sacred ground of a bit of English soil.

Not without reason may the name of William Shakespeare top the list of the world's great men of literature. His works show him to have possessed the diplomacy of the politician, the knowledge of the ripe scholar, the wisdom of the historian, the calm insight of the philosopher, the artistic intuition of the poet, and the deep and genial sympathies of the Christian.

More and more, with the coming-on of time, will the student follow Shakespeare in loving reverence. Because—

"With the pen of a ready writer
And an artist's hand to guide the pen,
And a poet's soul to smooth the measure,"

he has portrayed human life in its wide and varied relations, and has set forth human responsibility and human duty that know no distinction of time and place, he has bound himself to the universal heart, and must always stand in literature "The foremost man of all this world."

A most fitting tribute to his greatness is found in the closing lines of the charmingly worded criticism and biography of Hamilton Wright Mabie:

“Shakespeare kept resolutely to the main highways of life, where the interest of great human movement is always deepest and richest if one has adequate range of vision. He dealt with the elemental and universal experiences in broad, simple, vital forms, and in a language which was familiar, and yet of the largest compass. . . . As he studied life and passed through its experiences, he saw with increasing clearness the moral order of the world, the ethical relation of the individual to society and to his environment, the significance of character as the product of will, and the gradation of qualities in a scale of spiritual values. His work as an artist deepened and widened as he grew in the wisdom of life. . . . Too great in himself to become a cynic, and of a vision too broad and penetrating to rest in any kind of pessimism, Shakespeare grew in charity as he increased in knowledge. He loved much because he knew men so well. A deep and tender pity was distilled out of his vast experience, and his last work was the ripe fruit of the beautiful humanization of his genius accomplished in him by the discipline and the revelation of life in his personal history. . . . When Prometheus brought the arts of life to men, he did not leave them skill without inspiration; he brought them hope also. Shakespeare's genius, shining on the darkest ways, seems to touch the sky beyond the horizon with light.”

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

Dramas.

The Merchant of Venice.

Othello.

Julius Cæsar.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Macbeth.

Hamlet.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Romeo and Juliet.

As You Like It.

The Tempest.

The Taming of the Shrew.

All's well that Ends Well.

Coriolanus.

The Comedy of Errors.

Cymbeline.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Measure for Measure.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Timon of Athens.

Twelfth Night.	Troilus and Cressida.
The Winter's Tale.	Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
King John.	Titus Andronicus.
Richard II.	<i>Poems.</i>
Henry IV. Part I.	Venus and Adonis.
Henry IV. Part II.	The Rape of Lucrece.
Henry V.	Sonnets.
Henry VI. Part I.	A Lover's Complaint.
Henry VI. Part II.	The Passionate Pilgrim.
Henry VI. Part III.	Sonnets to Sundry Notes of
Richard III.	Music.
Henry VIII.	The Phœnix and the Turtle.
King Lear.	

II. HISTORICAL BASIS.

The drama of *The Merchant of Venice* is based upon two tales found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a story-book full of legends of the Middle Ages. One story forms the basis for the bond; the other for the caskets. The two, however, had been combined into one long before Shakespeare wrote his play; and this combination he drew upon for the main materials of his drama. While the basis is legendary, the main action is universally true, and the picture of the Jew of that era is exceptionally fine. *The Merchant of Venice* is supposed to have been written in 1596. But like almost every other date connected with Shakespeare's biography, it is only an approximation. It was first published in the quarto form in 1600, and it formed a part of the folio of 1623. From the historic standpoint the interest centers in Shylock as the type of Judaism of the Middle Ages. And Judaism is always an interesting study. From the side of romance the character of Portia is full of charm. Her sweetness, her self-reliance and her ability make her

a type of womanhood for all ages. In the literary analysis of the play we may give a critical study to these two personifications, and may possibly find the reason why *The Merchant of Venice* is one of the most popular and widely read of all of Shakespeare's dramas.

III. LITERARY ANALYSIS.

“To live for a universal end is not merely desirable, but necessary, and forms the basis of moral action.”

The drama of *The Merchant of Venice* is a legendary comedy, whose main action is so nearly tragical that the play barely escapes becoming a tragedy. It may be further classified as external, since its conflict lies in the realm of reality and is developed by natural rather than supernatural means. Its time relation falls in the palmy days of Venetian greatness, before the enterprise of Da Gama had made the front door of Europe to open on the Atlantic ocean, leaving the Mediterranean seaports to be only unimportant side-entrances. From busy Venice the scene shifts to Belmont, whose name in literal derivation, *beautiful mountain*, is strikingly suggestive.

The purpose of the drama is to set forth the main conflict between the right to property and the right to human life; and the lesser conflict between the will of the parent and the child's right of choice. The play divides itself easily into two lines of action: the strife in Venice, and the strife in Belmont. But so closely interwoven are the interests of the two that they stand each to the other in the relation of means to an end.

It is the business of the first act to develop the sealing of a bond between Antonio, the merchant, and Shylock, the usurer. The purpose of this compact on Antonio's part is to assist Bassanio to follow a winning suit for Portia,— a favor that in the retribution of good deeds will come back an hundred fold, through Portia, to Antonio. On the part of the Jew it is to get a hold over an enemy whom the Jew hates, and whom through legal means he intends to destroy. When the time comes for canceling the bond, although thrice the amount of the debt is offered to Shylock, he still insists upon his pound of flesh, which by the statutes of Venice he may claim. He proposes to hold in strict justice to the letter of the law though all humanity cry out against it. Hence there arises the struggle between the right of the creditor to his property and the right to human existence. But the struggle has a deeper root than a mere question of right and wrong in the business world. It is primarily a spiritual conflict between Christianity as represented by Antonio and Judaism in the person of Shylock. With this broader basis the play takes on a more vital importance.

The second act sets forth the conditions under which the beautiful Portia may be wooed and won. These are, that the suitor shall choose out of three caskets the one containing Portia's picture; failing in this, he shall agree not to wed any woman. No account is taken of Love, which is the sacred basis upon which the family is built. It is the old, old story of the struggle between parental will and the right to individual choice.

These two conflicts in the play, tending to disrupt the

family and through the tragical power of the law to destroy human life, are to be happily overcome, else the poet would sink from holding the grand ethical power of the teacher into the mere office of the sensationalist. Such defection Shakespeare never permits. The love conflict must be mediated, and what seemed through parental authority to rest upon chance must be subjected to the higher right of the will of Portia.

In the third act comes the mediation of the minor struggle. When the lovers meet, certain influences are about Bassanio to lead him to a wise choice. Because he really loves Portia and she in turn loves him, he has the right to claim her over all singling-out of caskets. Moreover, it is because he loves her, and losing her, cannot love another, that he will choose aright, for his heart is centered on internal worth and not external show. It is not for her wealth, although she is

“A lady richly left,”

nor yet for her beauty, though

“Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,”

but because she has “wondrous virtues” that Bassanio loves her most. Under the spell of that influence that sees the merit of genuine and enduring affection, that spirit that binds two souls “so long as they both shall live,” he will ignore the gold and silver caskets for the leaden one.

But Bassanio has most direction from Portia herself. At the last moment she rises above parental authority, since that authority would subject her to the cruel chance of wedlock without love and so profane and destroy the

sweet and holy marriage rite and the sacred institution of the family. By the introduction of a skillfully worded song, whose purport is to urge a disregard for outward appearance, she adroitly leads Bassanio to choose the leaden casket. She becomes herself the mediator of the conflict, and the two are happily married. But the thing was made possible by the generosity of Antonio, who for this generosity is now about to give up his life.

Portia then owes a duty to Antonio, which her recent struggle between her right to love Bassanio and her allegiance to her dead father has prepared her to more intelligently perform. So the fourth act brings on the famous trial scene, when Life and Law hang in the scales. But since Law exists to protect and not to destroy, a way out of the dilemma must be found. The conflict turns upon a mere form of law, yet the force of that form cannot be gainsaid. Here Portia again becomes mediator,—first because of her deep obligation to Antonio for her highest happiness; secondly, because, being a woman, she can best plead for mercy; and lastly, as before stated, because her power to judge for her own welfare has given her an insight into the difference between the strictest justice and human obligations. After appealing in vain to Shylock's sense of humanity, and after offering treble the debt in ducats, she turns Shylock's weapon upon himself, which will as surely destroy him as it will his enemy. For the letter of the law upon which the Jew has hung would in turn brand him a murderer and destroy him with his victim. So there comes instead a reconciliation of wrong, and merited but not unbearable punishment falls upon the guilty.

The purpose of the fifth act is to round out the play harmoniously. It has been called a "musical afterpiece." In the idyllic picture of the life at Belmont, separated families are reunited, differences are adjusted, and a serenity like a summer sunset falls upon the mind.

The analysis now concerns itself with one more theme, *i. e.*, the study of individual characters. Of these there are two great types,—the Jew and the wife. The antithesis of the Jew is Antonio, who serves in the drama to personify Christianity as exemplified in the business world. The play, it may be said, has nothing to do with the dogmas of religion, but with the effects of religion as realized in daily life.

Antonio is a merchant, whose chief aim is to enjoy his wealth and to make it assist others. He loans money without interest. He is surrounded by friends, because his nature begets friendship. He is the type of mercy toward all mankind except to the Jew, whom he despises. In this he is one with his time, for the Venetian of that day despised all Jews and held all bankers in contempt. For his lack of mercy toward Shylock, Antonio is justly punished with enduring for a time both loss of property and apprehension of his own doom.

Over against Antonio is Shylock, the exponent of Judaism. Few portraits in literature are so faithfully and so exquisitely drawn. In the Christian civilization in which Shylock finds himself he cannot combine with those whom he meets. Mark now the contrast between him and Antonio. He is a usurer, his business in life being to acquire property. To-day one suffers no loss of reputation by

being a banker. The banking business is now a necessary adjunct to the commercial prosperity of a commonwealth. In the age of Shylock it was a legitimate but disreputable calling. Among his associates on the Rialto he has no friends. The effect of his character is to disrupt his own home. Neither his daughter nor his servant can reason themselves into any allegiance to him. The action of Jessica, so at variance with Portia's loyalty, would shock us were it not for our appreciation of Jessica's environment and its lack of moral influences.

Shylock is the embodiment of justice. It is inherent in his nature not to know mercy. None is ever shown to him, and belonging as he does to a "chosen people," he owes nothing to the Gentile. In business and religion, then, Shylock is under a ban. The object of centuries of injustice and abuse, he is the very incarnation of hatred. He holds rigidly to the law, for the reason that it is all the protection he has, and for the further reason that his religion is one of stern obedience to form. He would murder Antonio, legally, because Antonio stands for all that he hates, and personally because of Antonio's ill-treatment of himself. He declares:

"I hate him for he is a Christian,
 But more for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest."

But Shylock is no stupid, brutal, miserly thief. He is the shrewdest man in all the caste. Being a Jew, his end is "his bargains and his well-won thrift." Being a Jew, he demands only what by law is his. Being a Jew, he knows nothing of that "charity that seeketh not her own." And being a Jew, "he sees quite through the deeds of 'Christian' men." Very adroitly has Shakespeare made him the mouthpiece for railing against the un-Christlike traits of those who rank as Christians. In his plea for his bond he aims a powerful blow at all the cruel oppression his race has suffered from those who claim the leadership of the Man of Galilee:

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

There is a sting here that the truth sharpens, and we are more willing—in fact, we demand, after this—that mercy, the mercy Shylock himself refused to grant, shall nevertheless be shown to him, that earthly power "might in this show likest God's."

One more character remains to be considered. Shakespeare seems in Portia to have realized his best conception of womanliness. There is in her makeup a sweetness and dignity and tenderness that characterizes her as belonging to the highest type of womanhood. Wherever she moves there emanates the grace of one "to the manor born," the resultant of wealth and luxurious elegance. Added to these is a fine mentality. Self-reliance, wit, clear judgment, penetration, firmness, hopefulness and mercy combine in her to form a superior character. Because she typifies the true wife, all Bassanio's interests are hers, and she whom heretofore "the winds of heaven have not visited too roughly," whose "foot has fallen on softness" and whose "eye has lighted on splendor," undertakes a most daring and difficult task. It is for her to liberate Antonio. She is in the play the representative of the family, the basis of the other human institutions. She is therefore the fit instrument to save Antonio, who represents society under the constitution of the New Testament. She does her work with such intelligence and skill that dire tragedy melts into smoothest comedy. Because of what she is and what she stands for, among the fine feminine characters in literature it may be said of her, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

In summing up, the play develops certain points. Through it runs a thread of artistic and idyllic charm, a subtle sense of refinement, an absence of rude and vulgar intrusions. There seems to be reflected in it something of the quiet, harmonious beauty that Shakespeare knew in his boyhood surroundings in the bypaths between the law-

thorn hedges of the Warwickshire countryside. The story of the friendship between Bassanio and Antonio, like the friendship of David and Jonathan, appeals to the common heart of humanity.

The picture of womanhood in strength and sweetness, of power that is uplifting and grace that is ennobling, of love that is divine, and sympathy that is broad and deep, reveals a personality that can never lose its charm, because its attributes are universal.

And lastly, the clear-cut type of the Jewish character, in the family, in business, in society, in morality, touching all phases of life, yet all the time and in everything a Jew, is unparalleled in its truthfulness.

The realized Judaism and realized Christianity lying back of the property conflict in the drama present a clash of universal principles of the Old Testament against the New. The final triumph of the spirit that embodies in its prayer the earnest petition, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," has given to this play the popularity it has always known. For the play as well as the individual must live for universal ends, else the virtue of each soon disappears and the memory of each is buried among the unmarked graves that swallow up the multitude.

MARGARET HILL McCARTER.

AUGUST, 1902.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to Portia.
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }

ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend.

SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

SALERIO, a messenger.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler,
Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salarino. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought

What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
 But tell not me; I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Antonio. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year:
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salarino. Why, then you are in love.

Antonio. Fie, fie!

Salarino. Not in love neither? Then let us say you're
 Because you are not merry; and 't were as easy [sad
 For you to laugh and leap, and say you're merry
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
 And other of such vinegar aspect
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
 Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
 We leave you now with better company.

Salarino. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
 If worthier friends had not prevented me. 61

Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
 I take it, your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salarino. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bassanio. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
 Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; must it be so?

Salarino. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]

Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you've found An-
 tonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, 70
 I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bassanio. I will not fail you.

Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
 You have too much respect upon the world:
 They lose it that do buy it with much care.
 Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
 A stage where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

Gratiano. Let me play the fool ;
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, 80
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man whose blood is warm within
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, " I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !"
 O my Antonio, I do know of these
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time ; 100
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
 Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well a while ;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lorenzo. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gratiano. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Antonio. Farewell; I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gratiano. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commend-
able 111

In a neat's tongue dried. [*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Antonio. Is that any thing now?

Bassanio. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two
grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek
all day ere you find them, and when you have them they
are not worth the search.

Antonio. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bassanio. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
 My purse, my person, my extremest means,
 Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bassanio. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight 141
 The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
 I oft found both. . . I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost; but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both 150
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio. You know me well, and herein spend but time
 To wind about my love with circumstance;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
 In making question of my uttermost
 Than if you had made waste of all I have.
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest unto it; therefore speak. 160

Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
 And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages.
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Antonio. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Neither have I money nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do:
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is, and I no question make
 To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aware
 of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
 were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and
 yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too
 much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean hap-
 piness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity
 comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better if well followed. 10

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word "choose!" I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none? 24

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead—whercof who chooses his meaning chooses you—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come? 32

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but

talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then is there the County Palatine. 40

Portia. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Nerissa. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon? 49

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Nerissa. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 60

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his

doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?
70

Portia. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.
81

Nerissa. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, ere I will be married to a sponge.
89

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

Portia. If I live to be as old as *Sybilla*, I will die as

chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I wish them a fair departure. 106

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Nerissa. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. 110

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Portia. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. 118

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks
at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A Public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months,—well.

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bassanio. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound. 10

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock. Ho, no, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats,—I think I may take his bond. 25

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here? 35

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down 40
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bassanio. Shylock, do you hear?

Shylock. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory, 50
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To Antonio*] Rest you fair, good
signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.— Is he yet possess'd 60
How much you would?

Shylock. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Antonio. And for three months.

Shylock. I had forgot,— three months; you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see — but hear you:
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Antonio. I do never use it.

Shylock. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep —
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor; ay, he was the third — 70

Antonio. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shylock. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,

The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,

And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time

Fall parti-colour'd lambs; and those were Jacob's. 80

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Antonio. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
 Was this inserted to make interest good?
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shylock. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.—
 But note me, signior.

Antonio. Mark you this, Bassanio,
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. 00
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shylock. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round
 sum.

Three months from twelve,— then, let me see the rate.

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto, you have rated me
 About my moneys and my usances; 100
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help:
 Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
 "Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so,
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur 110
 Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 "Hath a dog money? Is it possible
 A cur should lend three thousand ducats?" Or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
 Say this:

"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys"?

120

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
 A breed of barren metal of his friend?
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.
 This is kind I offer.

130

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary; seal me there
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me. 140

Antonio. Content, i' faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
 Within these two months — that's a month before
 This bond expires — I do expect return 150
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock. O Father Abram! what these Christians are
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
 The thoughts of others! — Pray you, tell me this:
 If he should break his day, what should I gain
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?
 A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,
 To buy his favour, I extend this friendship: 160
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
 And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
 Give him direction for this merry bond,
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
 I will be with you. [Exit.

Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—

The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind. 170

Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Antonio. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending.

Morocco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

10

Portia. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

20

Morocco. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets

To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
 I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,
 Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 80
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

Portia. You must take your chance;
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong 40
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

Morocco. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my
 chance.

Portia. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco. Good fortune then!
 To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Venice. 'A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run

from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son,—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. ²⁶

Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.

Gobbo. Master young man, you! I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot. [*Aside*] O heavens! this is my true-begotten

father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not.—I will try confusions with him. 31

Gobbo. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo. By God's sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no? 40

Launcelot. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—
[*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gobbo. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say 't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gobbo. Your worship's friend and Launcelot.

Launcelot. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot? 51

Gobbo. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Launcelot. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman—according to fates and destinies and such odd sayings, the sisters three and such branches of learning—is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop. 59

Launcelot. [*Aside*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? [*To him*] Do you know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy — God rest his soul! — alive or dead?

Launcelot. Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Launcelot. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murther cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out. 72

Gobbo. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo. I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother. 81

Gobbo. Her name is Margery, indeed; I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gobbo. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now? 92

Launcelot. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer. 102

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.

Bassanio. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant.]

Launcelot. To him, father.

Gobbo. God bless your worship!

Bassanio. Gramercy! would'st thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,— 110

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Launcelot. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins —

Launcelot. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,— 121

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is —

Launcelot. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both.—What would you?

Launcelot. Serve you, sir.

Gobbo. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit. Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, 132
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Launcelot. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bassanio. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire 140
My lodging out.—Give him a livery [To his followers.
More guarded than his fellows'; see it done.

Launcelot. Father, in.—I cannot get a serviee, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book!

—I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, —here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. ¹⁵³

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Where is your master?

Leonardo. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio! ¹⁶⁰

Bassanio. Gratiano!

Gratiano. I have a suit to you.

Bassanio. You have obtain'd it.

Gratiano. You must not deny me. I must go with you to Belmont.

Bassanio. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—
Parts that become thee happily enough
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain ¹⁷⁰

To allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
 I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
 And lose my hopes.

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say "amen,"
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

180

Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gratiano. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge
 me

By what we do to-night.

Bassanio. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
 I have some business.

Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest; ¹⁹⁰
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
 Give him this letter; do it secretly;
 And so farewell; I would not have my father
 See me in talk with thee. 9

Launcelot. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most
 beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu! these foolish
 drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu!

Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be asham'd to be my father's child!
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lorenzo. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
 Disguise us at my lodging, and return,
 All in an hour.

Gratiano. We have not made good preparation.

Salarino. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salanio. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
 And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lorenzo. 'T is now but four o'clock; we have two hours
 To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news? 9

Launcelot. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lorenzo. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gratiano. Love-news, in faith.

Launcelot. By your leave, sir.

Lorenzo. Whither goest thou?

Launcelot. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lorenzo. Hold here, take this.— Tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her; — speak it privately. 20

Go.— Gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salarino. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salanio. And so will I.

Lorenzo. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salarino. 'T is good we do so.

[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]

Gratiano. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lorenzo. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house, 30

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Same. Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me,—what, Jessica!—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—

Why, Jessica, I say!

Launcelot.

Why, Jessica!

Shylock. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Launcelot. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jessica. Call you? what is your will?

10

Shylock. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;

There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house.—I am right loath to go;

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Launcelot. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

20

Shylock. So do I his.

Launcelot. And they have conspired together;—I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shylock. What! are there masques?—Hear you me,
Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then, 30
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Launcelot. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at
window, for all this: 40

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.

Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jessica. His words were "Farewell, mistress;" nothing
else.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than a wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately.

50

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:

Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

Jessica. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gratiano. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salarino. His hour is almost past.

Gratiano. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gratiano. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again

10

His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did paece them first? All things that are

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younger, or a prodigal,

The searfed bark puts from her native bay,

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

19

Salarino. Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.— Approach:
Here dwells my father Jew.— Ho! who 's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jessica. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jessica. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows 39
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lorenzo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou
art.

Jessica. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lorenzo. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

Jessica. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lorenzo. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once ;
 For the close night doth play the runaway,
 And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jessica. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
 With some more ducats, and be with you straight. 50
[Exit above.]

Gratiano. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lorenzo. Beshrew me but I love her heartily!
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
 Shall she be placed in my constant soul.—

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come ? — On, gentlemen ; away !
 Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salarino.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Who's there ? 60

Gratiano. Signior Antonio !

Antonio. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
 'T is nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you.
 No masque to-night : the wind is come about ;
 Bassanio presently will go abroad.
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gratiano. I am glad on 't ; I desire no more delight
 Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.

Portia. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Morocco. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
“*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*”
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
“*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*”
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
“*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*”
How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

Portia. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Morocco. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?

“*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*”
Must give—for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?
“*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*”
As much as he deserves? Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:
 And yet to be afeard of my deserving
 Were but a weak disabling of myself. 20
 As much as I deserve? Why, that's the lady:
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces and in qualities of breeding;
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here? —
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
 "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
 Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint. 40
 The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia.
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross 50
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.— Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

60

Portia. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Morocco. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

*"All that glisters is not gold;
Ofien have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well: your suit is cold."*

70

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train.*

Portia. A gentle riddance.— Draw the curtains; go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Excunt. Flourish of cornets.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salarino. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salanio. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

10

Salanio. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

20

Salarino. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salanio. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,

30

And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salanio. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:

Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd, "Do not so;

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,

But stay the very riping of the time;

40

And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love.

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there."

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salanio. I think he only loves the world for him. 50

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.

Salarino. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Nerissa. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain
straight:

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,

And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,
PORTIA, and their trains.*

Portia. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Portia. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arragon. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." 20
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire! that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire, 30
Because I will not jump with common spirits

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
 “*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*”
 And well said too; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover that stand bare!
 How many be commanded that command!
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
 “*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*”
 I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

40

50

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arragon. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia!
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
 “*Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.*”
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend and judge are distinct offices,

60

And of opposed natures.

Arragon.

What is here?

*“The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow’s bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver’d o’er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone; you are sped.”*

70

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here;
With one fool’s head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I’ll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt Arragon and train.]

Portia. Thus hath the candle sing’d the moth.

O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

80

Nerissa. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Portia. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Where is my lady?

Portia.

Here; what would my lord?

Servant. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Girts of rich value. Yet I have not seen 90
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Portia. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! 100

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word. 7

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salanio. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants? 20

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel! 28

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what's that good for? 40

Shylock. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian,

what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew; what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both. 60

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and Servant.]

Shylock. How, now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 67

Shylock. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? —Why, so; and I know not how much is spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding. 80

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck, too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal! — Good news, good news! ha, ha! — Where? in Genoa? 90

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey. 101

Shylock. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeits; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two,

Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;

So will I never be: so may you miss me;

But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,

That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,

They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;

One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—

Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,

And so all yours. O, these naughty times

Put bars between the owners and their rights!

And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.

I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,

To eke it, and to draw it out in length,

To stay you from election.

Bassanio.

Let me choose;

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

10

20

Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bassanio. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life

39

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Portia. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bassanio. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Portia. Well then, confess and live.

Bassanio. Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.—

40

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch; such it is

50

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
 Live thou, I live.—With much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

60

A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?*

Reply, reply.

*It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell:
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

70

All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Bassanio. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes

80

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins ·
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but a guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;— in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on 100
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Portia. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! 110
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;

In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.
 I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.

Bassanio. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demigod
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs 120
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes! —
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance.— Here's the scroll,
 The continent and summary of my fortune. 130

*“You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose as true!
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.”*

A gentle scroll.— Fair lady, by your leave;
 I come by note, to give and to receive. [*Kissing her.*
 Like one of two contending in a prize, 141
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
 Whether those pearls of praise be his or no;
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
 Such as I am: though for myself alone 150
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better, yet for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
 That only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account: but the full sum of me
 Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old 160
 But she may learn; happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted: but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,

Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself
 Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring;
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

170

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
 And there is such confusion in my powers
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead!

180

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
 For I am sure you can wish none from me;
 And when your honors mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be married too.

190

Bassanio. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you. 200
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing until my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this fair one here
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achiev'd her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa?

Nerissa. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith? 210

Gratiano. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bassanio. Our feast shall be much honor'd in your
 marriage.

Gratiano. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his in-
 fidel?

What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger
 from Venice.*

Bassanio. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord;
 They are entirely welcome. 220

Lorenzo. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here;

But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salerio. I did, my lord;

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Salerio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there 230
Will show you his estate.

Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.—

Your hand, Salerio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Salerio. I would you had won the fleece that he hath
lost!

Portia. There are some shrewd contents in yon same
paper,

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world 240
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse? —
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself.
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bassanio. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins — I was a gentleman: 250
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound, 260
Issuing life-blood.— But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man, 270
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes

Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him I have heard him swear
 To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen, 280
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
 If law, authority, and power deny not,
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honour more appears 290
 That any that draws breath in Italy.

Portia. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bassanio. For me, three thousand ducats.

Portia. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,
 Before a friend of this description
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
 First go with me to church and call me wife,
 And then away to Venice to your friend;
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side 300
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
 My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
 But let me hear the letter of your friend. 309

Bassanio. [Reads] "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*"

Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bassanio. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste; but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay, 320

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him; tell not me of merey.—

This is the fool that lends out money gratis.—

Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I 'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request. 10

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [Exit.

Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20

He seeks my life; his reason well I know.

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me;

Therefore he hates me.

Salarino. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio. The duke cannot deny the course of law;

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice, if it be denied,

Will much impeach the justice of the state,

Since that the trade and profit of the city 30

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go;

These griefs and losses have so bated me

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—

Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.

Lorenzo. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Portia. I never did repent for doing good, 10
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,

I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
 To live in prayer and contemplation,
 Only attended by Nerissa here,
 Until her husband and my lord's return. 30
 There is a monastery two miles off,
 And there will we abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this imposition,
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

Lorenzo. Madam, with all my heart;
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Portia. My people do already know my mind,
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself. 40
 So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lorenzo. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Portia. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
 To wish it back on you; fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar,
 As I have ever found thee honest-true,
 So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
 And use thou all the endeavour of a man
 In speed to Padua: see thou render this 50
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
 Unto the tranect, to the common ferry

Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balthasar. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Portia. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Nerissa. Shall they see us?

Portia. They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.

60

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

80

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Same. A Garden.**Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

Launcelot. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good.

Jessica. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Launcelot. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not the Jew's daughter. 9

Jessica. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Launcelot. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I'll fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money. 22

Enter LORENZO.

Jessica. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jessica. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me

in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork. 30

Lorenzo. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Launcelot. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lorenzo. Will you cover then, sir?

Launcelot. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lorenzo. Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 44

Launcelot. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit.

Lorenzo. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know 50
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jessica. Past all expressing. It is very meet

The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
 For, having such a blessing in his lady,
 He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
 And if on earth he do not mean it, then 60
 In reason he should never come to heaven.
 Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And Portia one, there must be something else
 Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
 Hath not her fellow.

Lorenzo. Even such a husband
 Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jessica. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lorenzo. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jessica. Nay, let me praise you while I have a
 stomach. 70

Lorenzo. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
 Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
 I shall digest it.

Jessica. Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, Magnificocs, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salerio. He is ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 't is thought 20
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state 30
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shylock. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me why I rather choose to have 40
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
 Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;
 But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat:
 Masters of passion sway it to the mood
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer: 50
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,

Why he a harmless necessary cat,
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first. 63

Shylock. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee
 twice?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines 70
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that — than which what's harder? —
 His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats 80

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.— So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

90

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

100

Salerio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit 110
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Camé you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your
grace. [Presenting a letter.

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness 120
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, 130
And, while thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolvis, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond.
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by, 140
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 144

Clerk. [Reads] "*Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant; we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*"

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes; 160
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow, 170
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 180
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

190

Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

200

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority;
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

210

Portia. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established;
 'T will be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error by the same example
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
 O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven; ²²¹

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.—

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law; your exposition

230

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Portia. Why then, thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law

240

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—

Nearest his heart; those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop the wounds, lest he do bleed to death. 251

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.

Portia. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Antonio. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind 260
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love. 270
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not to me esteem'd above thy life:
 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
 Here to this devil, to deliver you. 280

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
 If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
 I would she were in heaven, so she could
 Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock. [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands. I
 have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
 Had been her husband rather than a Christian! — 290

[*To Portia*] We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
 The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge! — A sentence! Come,
 prepare!

Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are, a pound of flesh: 300

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judge! — Mark, Jew! — O learned
judge!

Shylock. Is that the law?

Portia. Thyself shall see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gratiano. O learned judge! — Mark, Jew! — a learned
judge! 310

Shylock. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio. Here is the money.

Portia. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! no haste: —
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much 320
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple — nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? — Take thy forfeiture.

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

330

Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

Portia. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

340

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

350

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant, and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge. 360

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Portia. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live. 370

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antonio. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian; 380
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shylock. I am content.

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it. 390

Gratiano. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him. 400

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above
In love and service to you evermore.

Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid: 410
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.—
[*To Antonio*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for
your sake;—

[*To Bassanio*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from
you.— 420

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassanio. This ring, good sir,—alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Portia. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bassanio. There's more depends on this than on the
value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me. 430

Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts;
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever, 440
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Antonio. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
 Let his deservings and my love withal
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
 Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
 Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.—

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
 And in the morning early will we both
 Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
 And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
 And be a day before our husbands home.
 This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en;
 My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
 Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
 Your company at dinner.

Portia. That cannot be.
 His ring I do accept most thankfully,
 And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore, 10
 I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gratiano. That will I do.

Nerissa. Sir, I would speak with you.—

[*Aside to Portia*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Portia. [*Aside to Nerissa*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We
shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;

But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

Away! make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Nerissa. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. In such a night as
this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise — in such a night,
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

20

Jessica. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend.

Lorenzo. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

Stephano. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

30

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

Stephano. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Who calls?

40

Launcelot. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mis-
tress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Launcelot. Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo. Here.

Launcelot. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter; why should we go in? — 50

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—[*Exit Stephano.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest 60

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods; ⁸⁰
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws its beams! ⁹⁰
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!

Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. ¹⁰⁰

Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection! —
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd.

[*Music ceases.*

Lorenzo. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

110

Portia. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Portia. Go in, *Nerissa*;
Give orders to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; —
Nor you, *Lorenzo*; — *Jessica*, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*

120

Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick:
It looks a little paler: 't is a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers.

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 130
And never be Bassanio so for me:

But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bassanio. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my
friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do
me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Portia. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Nerissa. What talk you of the poesy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you, 150
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave;

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! but well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gratiano. He will, an if he lives to be a man.

Nerissa. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, 160
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it, and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it, 170
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
Of the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand
off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine; 180
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Nerissa. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bassanio. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

190

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

200

Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him, 210
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
 Even he that did uphold the very life
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
 I was enforc'd to send it after him;
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
 For, by these blessed candles of the night,
 Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor. 220

Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I'll not deny him anything I have.

Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes, 230
 Wherein I see myself,—

Portia. Mark you but that!
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
 In each eye, one! — Swear by your double self,
 And there's an oath of credit.

Bassanio. Nay, but hear me:
 Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
 I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried; I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord 240
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Antonio. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Portia. You are all amaz'd.

Here is a letter: read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here 250
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.— Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships 261
Are safely come to road.

Portia. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Nerissa. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

270

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES
TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

NOTES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *In sooth.* In truth.

9. *Argosies.* Merchant vessels of not more than 200 tons burden.

12. *Overpeer.* Overlook, or outrank.

15. *Venture.* A term still in common use in a commercial sense.

17. *Still.* Continually.

27. *Andrew.* Ship supposed to have been taken from Andrea Doria, a noted Geonese admiral of the sixteenth century.

Dock'd. Held by the sand as in a dock.

28. *Vailing.* Lowering.

40. *To think upon.* From thinking about.

42. *Bottom.* A commercial term still in use.

50. *Two-headed Janus.* The Roman god with two faces, sometimes represented with one face laughing and the other grave.

52. *Peep through their eyes.* That is, eyes half-shut with laughter.

54. *Other.* Used in a plural sense.

56. *Nestor.* A Greek god noted for his wisdom and gravity.

61. *Prevented.* Anticipated.

67. *Exceeding strange.* Becoming a stranger.

74. *Respect upon the world.* Regard for worldly matters.

78. *Stage.* See *As You Like It*, II, 7, 139: "All the world's a stage," etc.

79. *Let me play the fool.* That is, the part of the fool,—always one of the cast in the early comedies.

82. *My heart cool,* etc. Possibly referring to an old belief that every groan took from the heart a drop of blood.

85. *Creep into the jaundice.* Considering this as a mental disease.

89. *Cream and mantle.* A figure wherein the mask of the countenance is compared to the stagnant water's covering of green slime.

90. *Wilful.* Obstinate.

91. *With purpose,* etc. To gain a reputation.

92. *Conccit.* Intellect.

97-9. See *Matt. v, 22.*

102. *Fool-gudgeon*. A fish easily caught.
108. *Moe*. More.
110. *Gear*. Matter or purpose.
124. *More swelling port*. Grander manner of life.
130. *Gag'd*. Bound.
137. *Within the eye of honour*. Range of honorable dealing.
139. *Occasions*. Needs.
141. *Flight*. That is, of the same range.
142. *More adviscd*. More careful.
143. *To find . . . forth*. To find out.
148. *Scf*. Equal, same.
151. *Hazard*. Risk.
154. *Circumstance*. Circumlocution.
160. *Prest*. Ready.
161. *Richly left*. Richly provided for.
163. *Sometimes*. In former times.
166. *Brutus' Portia*. See *Julius Caesar*, II, 1, 295.
- 170-2. Reference is here made to the Argonautic expedition.
175. *Thrift*. Success.
178. *Commodity*. Property.
183. *Presently*. Immediately.
185. *To have it of my trust*. On business credit, or as a personal favor.

SCENE II.—1. *Aucary*. See *Macbeth*, V, 5, 49.

23. *Nor refuse none*. Double negative, not uncommon in Shakespeare's writings.
28. *Who*. Whom.
35. *Level at*. Aim at.
38. *A great appropriation*. Great credit.
40. *County Palatine*. A count of the king's palace.
42. *An*. And if.
43. *Weeping philosopher*. Heraclitus, who wept over the follies of man.
54. *Throstle*. Thrush.
64. *A proper man's picture*. A picture of a handsome man.
66. *Suited*. Dressed. *Doublet*. "A coat with skirts." The *round hose* reached to the knee, and were equivalent to trousers. *Bonnet* was originally the name of the goods. Later it was applied to the cap made from it.

94. *Some other sort.* Some other way.

96. *Sibilla.* The Cumean Sibyl to whom Apollo promised as many years of life as there were grains in the sand she held in her hand.

97. *Diana.* The goddess of purity.

120. *Whiles.* Genitive singular of "while" used as a noun.

SCENE III.—1. *Ducats.* A silver ducat was worth about one dollar of American money.

7. *May you stead me?* Will you assist me?

12. *A good man.* In a commercial sense, having good credit.

17. *In supposition.* Doubtful.

18. *Tripolis.* A Syrian seaport, now called Tripoli.

19. *Rialto.* The name of the principal island upon which Venice is built (*Isola di Rialto*). The name was also applied to the exchange on this island, where the merchants met daily. There is also a bridge called the Rialto.

20. *Squandered.* Scattered.

33. *So following.* So forth.

41. *Usance.* Interest.

42. *Upon the hip.* A term used in wrestling.

47. *Intercst.* A disreputable advantage to take of anyone was to make him pay money for the use of money. Times have changed since Antonio's day.

55. *Rest you fair.* Good fortune be yours.

59. *Ripe wants.* Wants demanding immediate attention.

60. *Possessed.* Informed.

61. *Would.* Equivalent to *wish*.

65. *Mcthought.* It seems to me.

67. See Genesis, xxvii-xxx.

75. *Eanlings.* Very young lambs. *Pied.* Spotted.

77. *Pill'd.* Peeled.

86. *Was this inscrted,* etc. Was this put into the Scriptures to make usury lawful?

90. See Matthew iv, 4, 6.

97. *Bcholding.* Under obligation.

104. *Spct.* Spit. (Obsolete.)

Gaberdine. A long frock, still used by some of the English peasantry.

132. *Doit.* A small Dutch coin, worth about one-fourth of a cent.

137. *Your single bond.* With no other surety.
 153. *Dealings teaches them suspect.* A grammatical construction formerly in use, though the reason for such usage is not always clear.
 168. *Knave.* Originally meant only a boy.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Mislike.* Dislike.

7. *Reddest.* Red blood being a sign of courage.

8. *Aspect . . . fear'd.* The valiant hath feared this aspect, is the thought meant to be expressed.

14. *Direction.* Estimation.

25. *The Sophy.* The Shah of Persia.

26. *Sultan Solyman.* A noted sultan who lived in the sixteenth century.

32. *Hercules and Lichas.* Lichas was the page of Hercules (otherwise Alcides), who could defeat his master in a game of chance, although in strength Hercules could dash him to pieces.

43. *Nor will not.* Another double negative.

44. *The temple.* The church where the oath should be taken.

It is easy to forecast the choice of such a suitor.

SCENE II.—9. *Via.* Away. (Italian.)

21. *Incarnation.* Incarnate.

30. *Sand-blind.* Of dim sight.

35. *Marry.* Mary, a corruption of an oath by the Virgin Mary.

38. *God's sontics.* God's saints, or sanctities.

50. *Ergo.* Latin, *therefore.* Launcelot does not know its meaning.

55. *The sisters three.* The three Fates.

84. *Lord worshipped.* Some explain this to mean "He has such a beard he might be worshipped for a lord." Launcelot had knelt with his back to his father, who thus mistook his hair for beard.

85. *Fill-horse.* Thill-horse.

92. *Gree.* Agree.

94. *Set up my rest.* My highest venture. A term used in playing.

100. *As far as God has any ground.* To the lower classes in Venice the mainland, where one might walk wherever he chose, was a thing for wonder and veneration.

109. *Gramercy.* A corruption of the French, *grand merci*, "great thanks."

Notice the efforts of the poorer men to embellish their speech to Bassanio.

118. *Not cater-cousins*. Not able to agree.

122. *A dish of doves*. A common present from a father to a son's master in Italy.

133. *Preferr'd*. Recommended.

136. *The old proverb*. Probably referring to the Scotch proverb, "The grace of God is gear enough."

142. *Guarded*. Ornamented.

144. *Well, if any man*, etc. Launcelot first comments upon his master's table, which is fair to hold a Bible upon which to be sworn. Then his mind, from thinking of lifting up the hand in oath-taking, runs to palmistry,—*the line of life* referring to the line encircling the ball of the thumb.

148. *Alcwn*. Eleven.

152. *For this gear*. For this purpose.

170. *Liberal*. Free, careless. *Take pain*. Not now used, except in the plural.

178. *Hood mine eyes*. Hats were worn at the table, especially on ceremonial occasions.

181. *Ostent*. Air, or mien.

SCENE III.—10. *Exhibit*. Restrain.

SCENE IV.—6. *Quaintly*. Gracefully, in good taste.

10. *Break up*. Break open.

13. *Writ*. Used for wrote.

37. *Faithless*. Unbelieving. See Matthew xvii, 17.

SCENE V.—2. *Difference of*. Difference between.

17. *Towards my rest*. Against my peace.

18. *To-night*. Last night.

21. *So do I his*. Shylock appreciates Launcelot's blunder in using reproach for approach.

24. *Black Monday*. Stowe says: "In the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward with his host lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold."

29. *Wry-neck'd fife*. From the shape of the bent mouthpiece, so called.

35. *Jacob's staff*. See Genesis xxxii, 10.

45. *Patch*. A professional jester.

SCENE VI.—5. *Venus's pigeons*. The doves that draw the chariot of Venus.

7. *Obliged*. Pledged.

15. *Scarfed*. Decorated with flags and streamers.

18. *Over-weathered*. Weatherbeaten.

35. *Exchange*. Of dress.

43. *Office of discovery*. The torch-bearer is in the light. Jessica would keep in the shadow.

47. *Close*. Stealthy.

51. *By my hood*. Admits of two interpretations: "By my head-covering," or "By my manhood."

SCENE VII.—4. *Who*. Used for *which* in the time of Shakespeare.

29. *Afeard*. Afraid. Shakespeare uses the terms interchangeably.

30. *Disabling*. Disparaging.

41. *Hyrcanian*. Hyrcania, a country southeast of the Caspian sea. See *Macbeth*, III, 4, 101.

Vasty. Desolate.

51. *To rib her cerecloth*. To inclose her shroud.

57. *Insculp'd upon*. Graven upon the outside.

63. *A carrion death*. A skull.

65. *Glisters*. Glistens.

77. *Part*. Depart.

SCENE VIII.—12. *A passion so confus'd*. Such a passionate outcry.

27. *Reason'd*. Talked.

28. *Narrow seas*. The English Channel.

30. *Fraught*. That is, freighted. Fraught has only a figurative use now.

39. *Slubber*. To do imperfectly.

40. *Riping*. Ripening.

48. *Sensible*. Sensitive.

SCENE IX.—18. *Fortune now*. Success to me.

27. *Martlet*. The house-martin. See *Macbeth*, I, 6, 4.

31. *Jump with*. Fall in with.

37. *Cozen*. Cheat.
43. *Cover*. Wear their hats instead of uncovering in the presence of rank.
47. *Ruin*. Rubbish.
71. *You are sped*. You are done for.
77. *Wroth*. Probably, wrath.
84. *My lord*. "Probably used jestingly."—*Rolfe*.
88. *Sensible regrets*. Sensible greetings.
100. *Bassanio, lord Love*. May it be Bassanio, lord Cupid.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *It lives there unchecked*. It is an uncontradicted report.

3. *Wracked*. Wrecked.
4. *Goodwins*. Shoals east of Kent.
9. *Knapped*. Snapped.
24. *The wings*. The boy's clothing.
33. *Match*. Bargain.
35. *Smug*. Trim.
43. *Half a million*. Of ducats.
58. *It shall go hard*. It will be strange.
103. *Turquoise*. A valuable stone which tradition said changed color with the change of wearers.

SCENE II.—6. *Hate counsels not, etc.* Hate does not prompt such counsel as this.

15. *O'erlooked*. Bewitched.
20. *Prove it so*. Should it prove so.
22. *Peize*. Weigh.
23. *Eke*. Lengthen.
44. *A swan-like end*. Referring to the tradition in which the swan is supposed to sing just before dying.
54. *Presence*. Dignity.
55. *Alcides*. "Laomedon, king of Troy, had offended Neptune, who threatened to inundate the country unless the monarch should sacrifice his daughter Hesione. Accordingly, she was fastened to a rock on the seashore to become the prey of a sea-monster. Hercules rescued her, not for 'love,' but to get possession of a pair of famous horses belonging to the king."

58. *Dardanian wives*. Trojan women.

63-72. The burden of this song is to show the perishable quality of love that is in the eye, or outward display, and not in the heart.

81. *So simple*. So unmixed.

82. *His*. Its.

87. *Excrement*. Meaning here superficial growth.

97. *Guilcd*. Full of guile, or evil.

98. *Beauteous scarf*, etc. A beautiful covering for an Indian, and therefore not a beautiful person.

102. *Food for Midas*. The Phrygian king, Midas, could turn whatever he touched to gold. So even his food was changed and he starved amid his riches.

115. *Counterfeit*. Portrait.

130. *Continent*. That which contains, or is contained.

140. *I come by note*. I come according to the written order of the scroll.

156. *Livings*. Fortune, or possessions.

174. *Vantage*. Sufficient ground.

199. *Intermission*. Delay.

208. *Achiev'd her mistress*. Obtained.

218. *Very friends*. True friends.

231. *Estate*. State.

236. *Jasons*. See notes, Act I, 1, 170-2.

238. *Shrewd*. Evil.

242. *Constant*. Self-possessed.

257. *Mere*. Veriest.

265. *Scape*. Not 'scape, as a contraction of escape.

267. *Should appar*. Would appear.

271. *Confound*. Destroy.

273. *Impeach the freedom*. Denies that Venice is a free state.

275. *Magnificoes*. Noblemen of high rank.

277. *Envious*. Malicious.

307. *Cheer*. Countenance.

313. *You and I*. Not an uncommon error at that time.

SCENE III.—9. *Naughty*. Formerly the term was used in a much stronger sense.

Fond. Foolish.

10. *To come*. As to come.

25. *Grant*. Allow.

32. *Bated*. Reduced.

SCENE IV.—2. *Conceit*. Conception.

12. *Waste*. Spend.

25. *Manage*. The term occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare's writings. It applies especially to horses.

33. *This imposition*. This charge laid on you.

52. *Imagin'd speed*. Speed of thought.

53. *Transect*. A word found nowhere else in Shakespeare's writings.

56. *Convenient*. Suitable, or possible.

61. *Accomplished*. Provided with.

72. *I could not do withal*. I could not help it.

77. *Raw*. Crude. *Jacks*. A term of contempt.

SCENE V.—3. *I fear you*. I fear for you.

4. *Agitation*. For cogitation.

13, 14. *Scylla, Charybdis*. Dangerous rocks, one on either side of the narrow Sicillian strait.

38. *Cover*. A pun on the word, which meant either to lay covers or to cover one's head.

53. *How cheer'st thou?* How do you do?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—5. *Uncapable*. Incapable. So, *unconstant* and *inconstant*; *uncertain* and *incertain*, etc., are used in these plays.

18. *Fashion*. Appearance or show.

22. *Where*. Whereas.

26. *Moiety*. Portion.

35. *Possess'd*. Put into your knowledge.

41. *Carrion*. A common term of contempt.

52. *Abide*. Endure.

55. *Lodg'd*. Abiding.

77. *Conveniency*. Convenient.

78. *Judgment*. Sentence.

87. *Parts*. Employments.

124. *For thy life*. For allowing thee to live.

154. *Fill up*. Fulfill.

165. *Difference*. Dispute.

190. *Seasons*. Tempers.
216. *A Daniel*. Referring to the apocryphal history of Daniel.
241. *Hath full relation*. Has recognition that this is the penalty.
244. *More elder*. Another double comparative. A common occurrence in writings of this period.
248. *Balance*. For balances.
250. *On your charge*. At your cost.
268. *Speak me fair in death*. Speak well of me after my death.
304. *Confiscate*. Confiscated.
321. *Substance*. Amount.
324. *Estimation*. Weight.
327. *I have thee on the hip*. See note on I, 3, 40.
365. *Which humbleness may drive into a fine*. Humility in Shylock may lead to a change of sentence to a fine.
366. Only the state's portion. May be so changed.
376. *In use*. In trust.
405. *Cope*. Requite.
444. *Commandement*. An obsolete form.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Troilus*. An allusion to Chaucer's tale, *Troilus and Cressida*.

7. *Thisbe*. Reference is here made to the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, Babylonian lovers.

10. *Dido*. Queen of Carthage.

13. *Medea*. She restored Æson's youth by blood from her own veins, and in its place she put the juice of herbs.

31. *Holy crosses*. "These are very common in Italy. Besides those in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travelers died. They rise on hilltops, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters, in moonlight and storm."—From Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice*.

59. *Patines*. Sacramental plates, sometimes made of beaten gold.

87. *Erebus*. "A place of nether darkness between Earth and Hades."

99. *Without respect*. Without regard, or attention being paid to it.

109. *Endymion*. The shepherd beloved by Diana.

127. *We should hold day*, etc. We should have daylight when the sun is on the Antipodes, if Portia should walk abroad. An extravagant figure.

132. *Sort*. Dispose of.

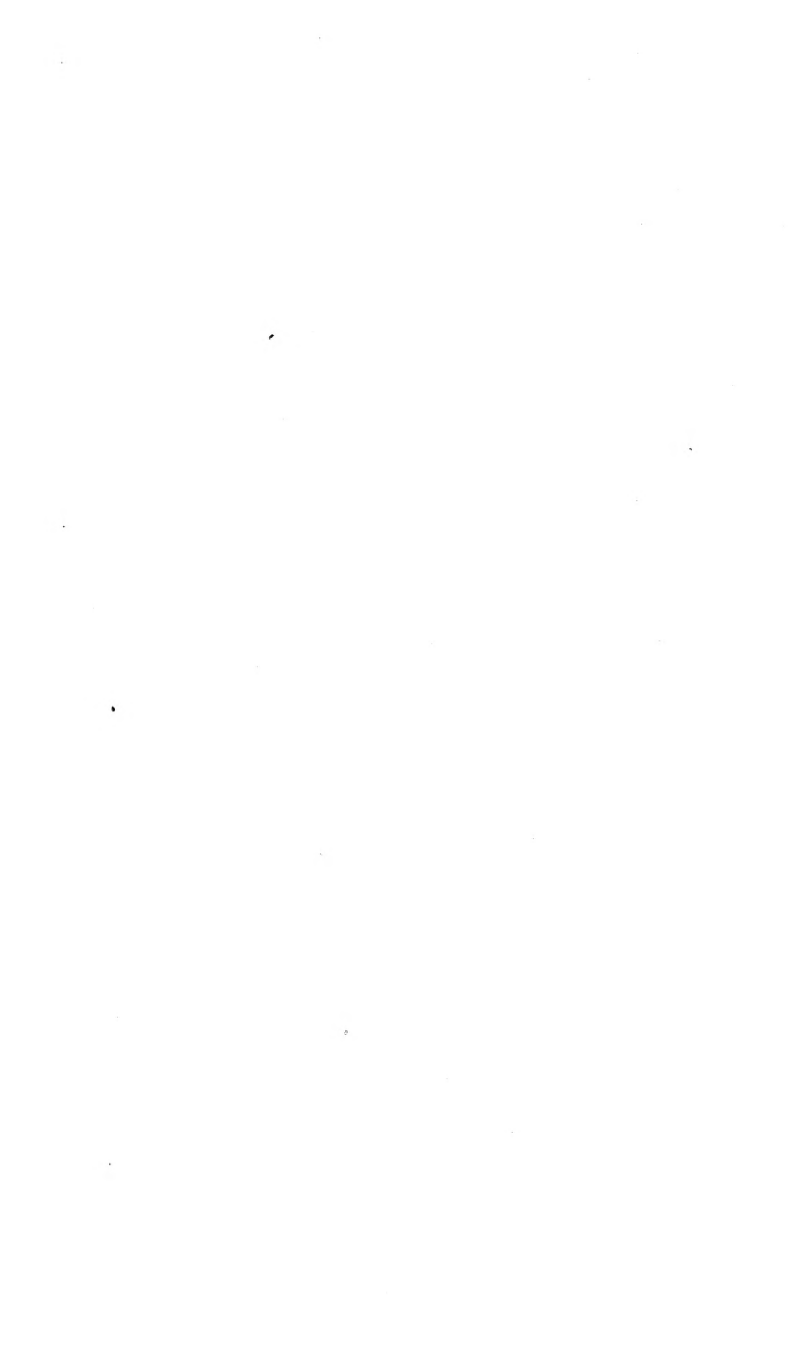
160. *Scrubbed*. Stunted and unkempt.

199. *Contain*. Retain.

208. *Civil doctor*. Doctor of laws, or civil law.

262. *To road*. To harbor.





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